

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

100 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

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**J. F. PRICE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
OFFICE—OVER B. F. HENRY'S  
DRUG STORE.  
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

**O. W. AVERY,**  
**Electric Physician**  
Will give special attention to the treatment  
of chronic diseases. Office over Post's Drug  
Store, West side square. Office hours from  
9:30 a. m. to 12 and 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

**G. A. GOBEN,**  
**SURGEON AND GYNECOLOGIST.**  
OFFICE—One door south of southeast cor-  
ner square. Visits in town at 10 o'clock; in the  
country \$1.00 per mile. Bills due when pa-  
tient is discharged.

**DR. T. H. BOSCHOW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO  
From the

**4th to the 24th of Each Month.**  
He treats chronic or long standing disease  
successfully, especially diseases of the lungs,  
throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.  
Nervous affections and all diseases arising  
from impure blood. Office two doors east of  
Bull's. Dry goods store.

**H. S. STRICKLAND,**  
**HOMEOPATHIC**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
KIRKSVILLE, - - MISSOURI.

**J. W. MARTIN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
OFFICE—B. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south  
side

**A. P. WILLARD,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
Continues to practice in all branches of the  
profession. Special attention given to chronic  
diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north  
of square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to  
5 p. m.

**P. F. GREENWOOD,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
KIRKSVILLE, - MISSOURI.  
OFFICE—Over First National Bank, first door  
to the right.

**J. S. MCCARTY**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO.  
OFFICE—Over Weaver Bros. Grocery store.

**S. L. PROUGH,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO.  
All business entrusted to my care will re-  
ceive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J.  
Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

**J. C. THATCHER,**  
**INSURANCE**  
—AND—  
**LAND AGENT**  
South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo.  
The oldest and most reliable Agency in the  
city. Established 1875.

**JOHN M. DAVIS,**  
**Pension and Claim Agent**  
OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness  
Shop.

Pensions, Bounties and all other claims  
against the government, prosecuted with  
promptness; also notary public. Pensioners  
when having vouchers filled must bring certifi-  
cate.

**JOHN ROBERTS,**  
**Boot and Shoemaker**  
All work guaranteed. Fine-sewed work a  
specialty. Third door East of the North-east  
corner of the square.

**R. M. BUCKMASTER**  
Dealer in all kinds of  
**Musical Instruments**  
Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street,  
second door east of Evans' Grocery. Fine pi-  
ano and organs in stock. Call and examine.

**PENSIONS.**  
THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.  
Soldiers Disabled Since The War  
Are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent  
whose sons died from the effects of army ser-  
vice are included. If you wish your claim  
speedily and successfully prosecuted, address  
**JAMES TANNER,**  
Late Commissioner - St. Louis.

**Dr. B. C. AXTELL, SURGEON AND**  
**Mechanical Dentist**  
Is thoroughly pre-  
pared to do all pro-  
fessional work in the  
most masterly and  
durable manner and  
warrants comfort-  
able fits in all  
cases. Prices reason-  
able on gold, plat-  
ine and aluminum  
plates. No pain in  
extracting by aid of  
vitalized air. Ex-  
posed as safe and harmless for adults and chil-  
dren.

**SECOND HAND GOODS BOUGHT**  
**AND SOLD.**  
All kinds of repairing promptly  
done by  
**J. B. BURT, 116 SOUTH ELSON**  
Street, Second door south of  
J. B. Caskey's.

## Back to the Old Farm.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

He was walking down a street  
when he suddenly came upon  
Tom Bright's small store. Tom  
had been in business some time.  
His schoolmate and friend of his  
childhood stood in the door of his  
small establishment, and his face  
was anything but pleasant.

"Fred how are you?" asked  
Tom in his hearty off-hand way.  
"You are not looking well Fred. I  
don't believe the city agrees with  
us."

"Tom," cried Fred, seizing his  
friend's hand, "I wish to heaven  
we were out of the city."

"So do I."

"Is your business not prosper-

ous?"

"Tom shook his head and an-

swered:

"No, Fred; I made a mistake in

buying my goods. I did not

know what the people wanted, and

I've got a whole lot of things

which I can't sell. Everybody

says they are out of style."

"It's the result of a man engag-

ing in business he don't under-

stand."

"You are right, Fred. Now

those fellows down the street have

a booming trade all the time, while

I scarce sell enough to pay the

rent of my building, Fred, I don't

believe I have sense enough to be

a merchant."

"It's not sense, but experience

you lack, Tom."

"No; it's sense," hesitated Tom.

"I am fit for nothing but a farmer."

"Don't deride the calling of a

farmer, Tom. The farmer is the

only independent man alive. It

requires as much brains to be a

farmer as to be a banker. You

may go over the country and you

will find more intelligence among

the farming people than among

those in the cities. True they do

not read the daily papers, know

nothing of fashion, but they read

books, they study history, science,

and read the best novels. Old

Farmer Squires could to day tell

more of the history of the country

than can the busy banker. The

banker has a fine library which he

never reads, while Mr. Squires has

few books but he absorbs them;

he knows all that is in them.

Then the brains of the country

comes up between the plow hand-

les. Nine-tenths of the Congress-

men in our American Congress

grew up as farmer boys. Webster,

Calhoun, Lincoln, Jackson and

Garfield were farmer boys. If

those men who have risen to the

highest esteem never blushed to

be called farmers, need we?"

"Guess you are right, Fred. Are

you going back to the old farm?"

"Yes as soon as I can."

"Why can't you now?"

"I am tied up in a business mat-

ter, I am," said Fred.

"So am I, and I've got father

tied up also. I tell you, Fred, I

am going to bust. I see it coming.

They'll close me out and my stock

won't pay fifty cents on the dollar.

It will pretty nearly bust father,

too, for he's my security. Fred, I

wish I'd taken your advice and

gone back to the old farm when I

first came here. I have learned

that you never spoke a plainer,

more sacred truth than when you

said:

"Its hearts, not hands that are

blistered in the city." Fred,

Shakespeare never said a wiser

thing, and I've read him through.

That sentence ought to be put in

the books where all can read it,

and you ought to add to it, that it

is better to blister the hands than

the heart."

"Why don't you close out your

business, Tom?"

"Close out, I can't. I tell you

Fred the city is like an enchanted

castle, and when once a fellow

gets inside there is no getting

away from it. It seems to be ruin

and death to those who are here."

Fred drew little consolation

from Tom, though he tried to ap-

pear as cheerful as possible.

As he was going away, Tom

said:

"Fred, let me give you a peice

of advice. It's all right, of course

as long as you work for your em-

ployer and keep him in your debt,

but don't you let the Banks

Brothers get their clutches on you.

Don't put yourself in their power,

for if you do they will grind you

to death. Why, those fellows are

so cold-blooded, I believe they

could thrust a knife between the

ribs of a fellow man and never

change color."

Fred walked hurriedly away,

heaving a sigh. He was already

in the power of these men, and ex-

pected every moment to be crush-

ed. What Tom had said was not

calculated to increase his spirits.

"A few days later, as he was re-

turning from a stroll down below

the river bank, he came on Jack

Sawyer.

"Hello, my banker friend?"

cried Jack, his eyes sparkling

with humor.

Jack looked seedier than ever.

His face was brown from the sun,

and the wind and weather had

turned his hair from a chestnut to

a pale yellow. His face had evi-

dently not known a razor for sev-

eral weeks.

"Where have you been, Jack?"

"Practicing my profession," he

answered with a laugh.

"You are a preambulator by

profession, are you not?"

"No; a prestidigitator," answered

Jack with a sly chuckle. My

business is to make things disap-

pear."

"What do you make disappear?"

"Oh my friend, it is only an old

trick. After a long weary tramp I

usually approach the house of

some wealthy farmer, and accost

the lady; for I prefer a lady to a

gentleman, and the more of a lady

she is, the more easily can I man-

age my affairs with her. She

brings me two slices of bread. I

sneak them with butter, place

them thusly, laying one hand on

the other, and presto change, they

are gone."

Jack laughed, and seating him

self on some boxes, said:

"Friend have a seat. I am sor-

ry I can't offer you the cushioned

chair, such as the bank has; but I

can't, and that's the simple reason

that I don't.

"Why do you ask me to sit

down? Are you not in a hurry?"

"Oh, no; I have plenty of time.

In fact, my friend, I have all the

time anybody need want. I have

in my pocket much else but time. Fate

in apportioning out the things of

this world, gave me plenty of time

to make up for what I lack in

other world's goods."

"But, Jack, it was not always

thus with you?"

"No, no," he added sadly, "five

years ago, my friend, all was dif-

ferent. I was like you, a happy,

prosperous, business man, with a

sweetheart in the country, as you

once had, but you can see how

affairs have changed. Ah, my

friend, this heart of mine has

been blistered by the false, hol-

low shams of society and what

men term business, until I—I

have become enloused. Now I

can laugh at misfortune and make

a game of death, but not so five

years ago."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE FINAL CRASH.

Three days later the bank clerks  
were closing up the bank for the  
day when Fred took Mr. Briggs  
aside and asked:

"Have you mentioned it yet?"

"The five hundred?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, all in good time my friend.

Don't worry yourself about so

small an amount. Why, if the

worst should come, you know your

father could make it good."

"Make it good, thunder and

Mars, Briggs, my father must

never know it."

Briggs laughed and remarked:

"Fathers not infrequently have

to learn some things not at all

complimentary of their sons."

"But this disgrace would kill

him. If you do not tell Mr. Banks

I will go to him and make a clean

breast of it all, tell him on whose

advice I took the money, and for

what purpose."

"Oh, Fred; don't make a fool of

yourself. You would not harm me

if you did tell that, but would

ruin yourself. I never handled a

dollar of the money. But, Fred I

tell you it will be all right. Why

you certainly know that, dearly as

I esteem your friendship I would

never do anything to harm you.

Now would I, Fred?"

"I believe not, Briggs."

"Of course I would not. Now

just trust me a little while longer,

wont you, and it will be all right."

He spoke so earnestly, so feel-

ingly; so much like his old self

once more that Fred felt a guilty

pang at his heart for ever having

mistrusted him.

He turned about to leave the

bank, feeling that he had one

friend, at least, in this great hust-

ling city, when he suddenly turned

about and went back to the

side of Briggs.

"Briggs, forgive me?" he said.

"I have nothing to forgive."

"I almost lost my temper, but I

promise you to control it better in

the future."

"My dear friend Fred, don't let

that worry you for one single mo-

ment."

"But, Briggs, there is a matter

of which I must speak with you

about."

"What is it?" asked Briggs,

elevating his eyes in feigned as-